

**DR. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS.**  
The only safe, sure and reliable Female PILLS ever offered to Ladies, especially recommended to married Ladies.  
Ask for DR. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS and take no other.  
Send for circular. Price \$1.00 per box, 6 boxes for \$5.00.  
DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., - Cleveland, Ohio.  
For sale by **CHAS. D. FOX,** 205 COMMERCIAL STREET, ROANOKE, VA.

## Buy a Home While Property Is Cheap.

Rents are advancing every day and property must go up. Look over this list of Bargains and come to see us at once:

Splendid business house on the best business street in the city, now renting for 11 per cent. of the price asked. Terms, very easy.  
Fine business house on Commercial street, two store rooms below, renting for \$70 per month, price \$3,000. Terms, very easy.  
Eight-room house on large corner lot, has sold for \$2,700, price now \$1,000, easy payments.  
Six-room house, near West End roundhouse, \$800, \$50 cash and \$10 per month.  
7-room house on Eighth avenue s. e., nicely papered, good garden, \$1,500; \$50 cash and \$12.50 per month.  
6-room cottage on large lot n. w., near roundhouse, \$850; \$45 cash and \$12.50 per month without interest.  
6-room house on corner lot, s. w., beautiful shade, \$1,200, on easy payments.  
Two splendid business lots, very near the new Public Building, \$1,500, on easy payments.  
Nice 6-room house, Eighth avenue, w., with modern improvements, stable on the lot, \$1,200; \$200 cash and \$10 per month.  
New 8-room dwelling s. w., with modern improvements, large lot, beautiful shade \$1,700; \$300 cash and \$20 per month. This is one of the rarest bargains ever offered.  
Elegant 13-room house in West End, with electric burglar alarm, speaking tubes, hard wood mantles, all modern improvements, lot 100x210, with stable, chicken-house, horse and cow lot, good garden, fruit and shade trees in abundance, in thorough repair, cost \$5,000, price \$3,500, \$750 cash and \$500 per year.  
Fine business house on Salem avenue, in a very desirable location, price \$6,000, one-third cash, balance in 5 years.  
Nice brick house in Southwest, \$2,000, \$200 cash and \$30 per month. This is a fine bargain.  
We have a great many other fine bargains, which we will be glad to show.

## FARMS:

120-acre tract with 40 acres of bottom land in fine condition. One of the best truck farms in the State. Price \$40 per acre.  
10-acre farm 1/2 mile of Hollins, 100 full bearing apple trees, good spring, 5-room cottage and stable, all bottom land, \$9.00. Would trade for Roanoke property.  
94 acres of bottom land 1 1/2 miles from Hollins, with 25,000 brick house at the edge of a beautiful ten acre grove of forest oaks. Price \$60 per acre.  
113 acres of Back creek land in the celebrated pipe apple belt, 30 acres of it in good bottom. \$30 per acre; on Roanoke and Southern railroad. This is a fine investment.  
8 acres of truck garden, comfortable dwelling, 3 miles of Roanoke, 100 apple trees; on Roanoke and Southern railroad. \$500, on very easy payments.  
130 acres of very rich, fertile land, none more productive in the State, 250 fruit trees of every variety, well watered and fenced; new twelve-room brick dwelling, cost \$5,000, large new barn 45x90, with all other necessary outbuildings and improvements, two and a half miles from Roanoke; price, \$15,000. This is one of the very best farms in the Valley of Virginia. Terms, very easy.  
We have a great many other farms and truck gardens for sale. If you want to buy, sell or rent c me and see us.  
Several good bargains near Hollins Institute.

**T. W. SPINDLE & CO.,**  
104 Jefferson Street, Roanoke, Va.

## NOTICE.

Those having brick and stone work or vitrified brick pavements to be laid would do well to call on or address

**J. T. FALLS,**  
The Practical Contractor and Builder.

Also all kinds of carpenter-work, plastering, painting, kalsomining, and paper hanging done on short notice. All work guaranteed.

**J. T. FALLS,**  
No. 118 Fifth Avenue N. E.,  
Roanoke, Va.

**RAMON'S** Liver Pills and Tonic Pellets, a perfect Treatment for constipation and biliousness. 50¢ One pill a dose.

Custom House Sales Among the Favorite Diversions of Women.

Buying at custom house seizure sales has the excitement of a lottery. A woman who makes a point of attending the semi-annual custom house sales of "unclaimed, abandoned and seized goods" recently bought a Paris gown and a bottle of epiletic medicine, the latter under the impression that she was investing in a bottle of wine. The "seized" or smuggled goods are more enticing than those more "unclaimed." Whereas few except tradespeople attend the sales of the latter goods, many women of social standing are either personally present or are represented when the smuggled articles are auctioned off. Most of the "seized" things appeal directly to the frivolous, self-indulgent tendencies of weak human nature—all sorts and conditions of cigars and liquors from plebeian weeds and spirits labeled "No Brand" and appraised at a trifling value to the finest quality of these commodities.

"Watches, jewelry, etc.," forms the headline to the longest division of the catalogue, and all the gems of the heavenly revelation are represented, set in rings, pins, bracelets and hair ornaments. "Dry goods, etc.," includes not only yards upon yards of dress materials, especially silk, over the loss of which many a poor, defrauded woman must have torn her hair, but sealskin coats, laces, wraps, gloves, handkerchiefs and endless other feminine appurtenances. The custom house officials say the women who buy these stolen sweets pay their full value and often more than they could be purchased for elsewhere, but there seems an irresistible fascination about smuggled goods, even though legitimately acquired, that appeals strongly to women folk.—New York Journal.

## Real Estate

Good 6-room house in center of the town, near new postoffice. Price \$500.  
Elegant 9-room house with both hot and cold water, gas, stable, large lot, all in thorough repair. Price \$2,500; \$200 cash, balance \$25 per month. This is a bargain.  
Good 6-room house near the shops. Price \$800, \$100 cash, balance \$10 per month.  
Nice 7-room house with oak and gas on corner lot, in best neighborhood in Roanoke. Price \$1,700, \$200 cash, balance \$15 per month.  
Large 13-room residence, with all modern conveniences, near the center of the town, well located for boarding house, price, \$2,700; \$500 cash, balance \$25 per month.  
Nice 7-room house on Third avenue n. w., price \$700; \$50 cash, balance \$10 per month.  
Large 8-room house in West End in good location with all conveniences, price \$1,500; \$50 cash, balance \$20 per month.  
9-room dwelling on large lot in good location, price \$1,600.  
7-room dwelling on Terry Hill, large level lot, barn, stable and all necessary out houses, price \$1,000; \$200 cash, balance \$15 per month.

## FARMS WANTED.

We have customers for Roanoke county farms. Let your lands with us. We want a place near Hollins Institute at once.

## FOR RENT.

One or two desirable dwellings in southwest part of the town.

**J. F. WINGFIELD,**  
Real Estate and Insurance Agent.  
210 COMMERCIAL ST.  
Dr. J. W. Semones  
**Dentist,**  
133 Salem Ave.  
Over Trades Loan & Trust Co.



ASK FOR KABO No. 105



ASK FOR KABO No. 352

If you appreciate a perfect fitting corset, give the Kabo 105 a trial. Its sure to please you.

**POULTRY NETTING.**  
**HAMMOCKS.**  
**FISHING TACKLE**  
**BARB WIRE.**  
**GARDEN SEEDS.**

Sole agents for the sale of Genuine Oliver & Sons' Peppers.  
**E. L. BELL, TRUSTEES FOR EVANS BROS.**

Don't forget, we have moved to 22 Campbell Street.

An Embarrassing Situation.

The disagreeable man had his head buried in the sheets of an evening paper and was occupying more than his share of a car on the Sixth avenue elevated. He was so much absorbed that he did not notice the entrance of a very pretty girl, who, with some difficulty, pre-empted the adjoining seat, the only vacant one in the car.

Her glance wandered to the paper which the "careful reader" had thrust almost into her face.  
It was an item of burning interest evidently that caught her eye, for in a few minutes she became as much absorbed in the outside page as the man was in the inner pages. Her face had taken on a glow of consuming interest when suddenly, bang, crash, the dyspeptic whipped the paper about and was more than startled when his fair neighbor broke out, "Oh, please don't turn!"

And then she became embarrassed as she realized what she had done. She left the train at Bleeker street, although many amused passengers suspected that her journey was Brooklynward.—New York Times.

"Yes," admitted the wayfarer, "there was lots of glue in that country. They voted prohibition, you know, and people got in the way of shaking for the drinks."—Detroit Tribune.

The first needle was the bill of the tailor bird, which sews together leaves in order to make its nest and form a shelter over its young.

The weight of paper is sometimes materially increased by the addition of clay and kaolin.

## BY THE BROOK.

O'er its slender osiers lean,  
And its waters purr between.

Banks of moss where violets grow  
And the wind breathes sweet and low.  
Mid its rushes minnows hide  
Or o'er silver shallows glide.

Pausing off as if to dream,  
Poised against the wavering stream.

Here the birds light on the brink,  
Plash their dusty plumage and drink.

There where deeper waters run  
Broad leaved lilies take the sun.

By this willow let us lie,  
It may chance that, by and by,

If we watch and make no sound  
While the midges murmur round,

We shall see him, unafraid,  
Stumbling down the sun-flecked glade.

With his goat hoofs tearing through  
Vines and blossoms wet with dew.

We shall see his shaggy thighs,  
His puffed cheeks and glowing eyes,

And his hairy pointed ears  
Sharper grown with ceaseless fears.

We shall see him as he stands,  
And with swift and nimble hands,

From the reed beds, where they grow,  
Pluck him pipe whereon to blow.

Notching each with eager skill,  
Tossing each aside until

From some slim and hollow shoot  
He shall shape a pipe to suit

His wild fancy; then the day  
Shall grow dumb to hear him play.

Hist, behold you trembling bough!  
It may be Pan comes to the bough!

—James B. Kenyon.

## JACK CRAIG'S WIFE.

Sage Bar was excited. Six horses were missing from Bill Hines' drove. Fifteen minutes after Bill had reported his loss at the bar a party had found the trail and ridden off toward the southwest. Presently, as they were crossing a wet bit of land in a hollow, Bill, who led the party, looked sharply at the hoof prints sunk deep in the soil and reined up quickly.

"Look at that shoe mark!" he exclaimed, pointing down at the trail.  
"By gosh! It's the easterner's horse-shoe!" ejaculated Sam Pike after an instant's scrutiny of the hoof prints among which were several larger than the rest and showing the clear impress of a shoe. The other were those of unshod horses. Then the party scanned the marks closely. Then the men looked at each other with ugly frowns.

"Well?" said Bill tentatively at last.  
No one answered for a moment. Then Sam remarked: "It looks bad for the easterner sure! Their hain't any one got horse-shoes like them in 'th' district 'cept him. I'm sorry 't' th' feller's put his head in a rope's end, boys. But we'll have ter foller him up. Who'll go back?"

A couple of the party volunteered. The men separated. Part of them moved forward on the trail. The others turned their horses at right angles to the former line of march and loped on toward the easterner's cabin.

The easterner, otherwise Jack Craig, of whom they had been speaking, had been in Sage Bar only a short time. He was a tenderfoot out and out. When he came to the bar he brought his wife with him. She was a bright, pretty little woman, but they hardly knew her in the settlement. Craig always had been reserved, and the two had kept by themselves in the little cabin which stood a mile or more away from town. So Sage Bar had come to consider the pair a "queer lot" and to designate them as "th' easterner and his wife," which was intended to be anything but complimentary.

When the trailing party reined up in front of Craig's cabin they found the object of their search sitting on a log before the door smoking. From his dress, bespattered with mud, it was evident that he had just returned from riding. The party exchanged glances of understanding. Sam Pike came to the point at once. "Craig," he said, "you wanted down ter 'th' Bar!"

"What's that?" demanded the easterner angrily.

"You wanted down ter 'th' Bar!" Sam repeated. "For horse stealing!" he added. Craig's face was as white as the instant. He sprang from his seat, throwing back his hand to his hip. But the others had him covered and his hand dropped loosely by his side again. "It's a — lie," he said, "an you know it!"

Just then a woman's figure appeared in the cabin doorway. It was Craig's wife. "What's the matter?" she questioned anxiously, seeing her husband's attitude. Craig spoke up quickly: "Go back, Dolly! They've got up a dirty story about me an want me to go to the Bar. But I'll come back in a little while."

Sam had a great fear of women's tongues and tears, and immediately ordered Craig to mount a horse which another man at a word secured from the stable near by. The woman had looked on dumbly, seeming hardly to comprehend what was taking place, but as she saw her husband walk over toward the horse she ran to him and threw both arms about him, holding him tight to her. He uncupped her arms gently after an instant and mounted the horse, and turning in the saddle waved his hand to her. Then they rode away, and after they had gone a piece Sam looked back and saw the woman still standing there, her hands loosely locked before her, watching them with wide open eyes. "She's got ter 'th' backbone," muttered that worthy and lashed his horse into a gallop.

All Sage Bar crowded around the party when they drew rein in town, and there were some who would have strung Craig up upon the spot when Sam had told the story. Sage Bar was in that stage of progress where horse stealing was a capital offense and a short trial was granted to offenders. But Sam's protest that nothing should be done until the Hines party returned was heeded, and the prisoner was put in an empty cabin, tied hand and foot, several of the men agreeing to stand guard. The afternoon waned away, and evening came, and the Hines party did not make its appearance. So Craig was given something to eat and then was fastened tightly one more, and the men rolled themselves up in their blankets in front of the cabin about 11 o'clock, leaving only Jo Stetson on guard.

Stetson sat himself down on a stump and lit a pipe, and with his rifle across his knees fell to thinking about some "mavericks" he had branded that day. Presently he imagined he heard a soft step from the prairie. He raised his head and listened. Just then the moon showed a rim beyond a sailing cloud, and its light fell on a figure—a woman's figure—making its way toward the cabin. Stetson rose to his feet, letting his rifle butt drop on the ground,

and curiously surveyed the woman, who was close to him now. It was the easterner's wife.

"Is he in there?" she said, her voice trembling a bit.

"Yes," answered Stetson.  
"Can I see him?" she asked. "Only for a moment," she added.

"Can't do it, marm," said Stetson.  
For a moment she was quiet, looking longingly toward the cabin and clasping and unclasping her hands softly. The man hoped she would go. He had hated to say no, and he didn't know how long his determination to refuse would last. "But they say they're going to try him tomorrow, and I mayn't get another chance." She looked at him so sadly and yet so bravely withal that Stetson wavered and was lost.

"For five minutes, then, no more!" he said, half repenting of his words the instant they were uttered.

But he unlocked the cabin door for her and looked it behind her again. Then he stood outside the door cursing himself. Presently there was a rap from the inside of the cabin, and, much relieved, he undid the door, but he kept his finger on the hammer of his rifle as he stood aside to allow her to pass. She came out quickly. Stetson turned and bent to fasten the door. As he did so he felt a tiny ring of cold metal against his head and heard, in her voice, now without a tremble:

"Put up your hands and do it quickly!" The order was so distinctly put and so emphatically backed up by the cold metal which Stetson knew only too well was the dangerous end of a revolver that he did not hesitate. As he threw up his hands the door was pulled open from the inside, and a man dashed out and melted in the darkness of the prairie. A moment more, and the hoof beats of a horse came back, sounding clear and sharp on the still air.

The men who had been asleep till now, awakened by the noise, sleepily raised themselves on their elbows. The woman had not moved the pistol from Stetson's head, but now she dropped the weapon quickly and started to run. In an instant Stetson was after her, and wild at being outwitted had run her down and caught her before she had gone 50 yards. As he grasped her by the shoulders the hoof beats were dying on the air, and the woman looked into her captor's face with an exultant smile.

Stetson brought her back to the cabin and in a half ashamed way told his story. The woman was quiet and did not seem to hear what he said. Despite their chagrin at having been worsted by a woman, the men could not but admire her pluck and skill. Then they argued as to what they should do with her, and finally decided to take her into town as soon as it was light. They locked her in the cabin and then sat up and talked the rest of the night. They felt that it would be useless to attempt to trail Craig in the dark, and, to tell the truth, they were just a bit fearful that the woman would escape them unless they kept a sharp lookout.

When morning came, a big party set off in pursuit of Craig. But they had scant hope of overtaking him with a horse under him and his many hours' start. The easterner's wife still remained locked in the cabin. Sage Bar for once found itself unpolished. Law and order had been reversed by a woman, and the town had the offender in custody. But smoke and ponder as it might, Sage Bar was at a loss to know how to proceed. All the laws of the settlement, unwritten though they were, had sprung from an acute sense of frontier needs and referred to men. There was an indefinable feeling among the Sage Bar solons that these laws could not be applied with propriety to women, and so they talked much, smoked and drank much more and did nothing.

When the Hines party came in, tired, hungry and empty handed, no solution of the difficulty presented itself, and so with admirable judgment the town decided to free itself of further responsibility by setting the woman at liberty. The easterner's wife was pale and evidently worn out by the time they brought her out of the cabin; but she said not a word when they told her she might go and walked off in the direction of her home with a smile, half of defiance, half of satisfaction. That night the party which had gone in pursuit of Craig returned, having made a fruitless search.

Two days later, just as Sage Bar was preparing its evening meal, two men were seen riding over a swell from the northeast. Five horses were driven loosely before them. When the men got nearer the town one of them was recognized as the easterner. He was riding bareheaded, and beside him rode another, dark and swarthy, his arms bound to his sides, his horse led by Craig. All Sage Bar assembled about the party while Craig told the story of how he had ridden away that night, had struck the trail of the horses, and following it had brought the Mexican thief to terms with a shot from his rifle, and then came back. And when he had done there were cheers for the easterner such as the town hadn't had a chance to relieve itself of for a long while, and to this day there is not a man in Sage Bar but touches his slouch hat to the easterner's wife, whom Jo Stetson declares is "th' sandiest little woman in the west!"—Kansas City Times.

## Arkell and Hancock.

The first news that the president of the United States received of the death of General Grant came in a dispatch that read:

Grover Cleveland, Washington:  
Grant dead. Send two noncommissioned officers and two privates. W. J. ARKELL.

That was the first of a series of telegrams that came flying into Washington at the rate of half a dozen an hour, and each one signed "W. J. Arkell."

When the fact became known that General Hancock was going to Mount McGregor to arrange for Grant's funeral, he received a series of dispatches with the same signature. General Hancock reached Saratoga and went to the house of J. W. Drexel. "Mr. Drexel," said he, "who the devil is Arkell?" "This is he," said Mr. Drexel. "Let me introduce you. Mr. Arkell, General Hancock." Arkell reflected a moment as he held the general's hand, and then he said: "Hancock? Hancock? Let me see—army or navy?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

## One of the Two.

Mr. Justice Hawkins has been at it again.  
"You are charged with trying to commit suicide," he said sternly to the prisoner at the bar.

"I was driven to it, your lordship," stammered the unfortunate. "I was driven to it by a woman."  
"Hum!" mused his lordship. Then suddenly, "Did she refuse you or did she marry you?"—London Fun.

## A Suggestion.

He (at a social function)—The silence is so deep we can't make it.  
She—Happy inspiration! Let's wade out.—Detroit Free Press.

## "KID" MCCOY'S VICTORY.

The Wiry Western Pugilist Too Much For Tommy Ryan.

In the recent match between Charles ("Kid") McCoy and Tommy Ryan, at Maspeth, N. Y., McCoy showed himself to be his opponent's superior by very large odds. It became very evident after the ninth round that McCoy had the fight all his way, and the length of it depended solely upon Ryan's ability to endure punishment. It must be said for Ryan, however, that he was game to the last, and his pluck was properly appreciated by all present. To remain until 11 minutes and 54 seconds of the fifteenth round had been fought and against killing odds was a magnificent exhibition of nerve.

McCoy was perfectly cool throughout the contest, and gave an exhibition of fine strategic pugilism not often seen. It was to his good generalship that he owed his escape unscathed from a noted "punisher," while his opponent was carried away from the ring with a face and body so bruised that they were painful to see.

In spite of McCoy's western reputation and the fact that stories of his prowess had preceded him, he was a veritable rove-



CHARLES ("KID") MCCOY.

lution to the easterners who witnessed the encounter. There were very few of the 3,000 people present who were prepared for the denouement. They were nearly all warm partisans of Ryan, whose successful bouts were matters of record and whose friends are numbered by thousands. Nearly everybody thought that Ryan would make short work of the westerner. As a matter of fact, the man from Syracuse could hardly get his glove on the "Kid's" face or body, and for four rounds he was kept on the run. When the end of the race came and Ryan went to the floor under the impetus imparted by McCoy's left, the amazement of the spectators increased. This blow caught him on the jaw, and was followed up immediately by the one which put him to sleep and brought the match to a close. This work was as deft as it was rapid and effective.

The "Kid" is big and boyish looking, and would never be taken for a pugilist. He is only 22 years old, and hardly looks his age.

Among the men whom he has defeated are Dick Moore, Abe Ullman and Tommy West. He also fought a 20 round draw with Dick O'Brien. His only defeat occurred in a limited round bout with Ted White of England. McCoy claims he was robbed of the decision.

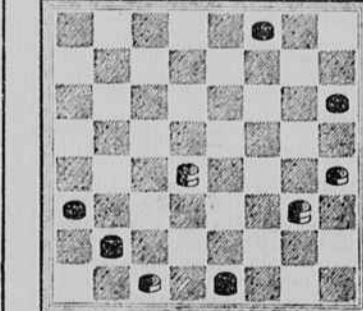
## Chicago's Yacht Designer.

For a long time there was a good deal of guessing at the identity of Designer Pocked, who conceived and fashioned the design for Chicago's forthcoming representative in yachting contests. When it is remembered that the most famous of all the racers were turned out by his hands when he was with the Herreshoffs, much will be expected of the new yacht. Mr. Pocked is also responsible for Dakota, Navaho, Ballymena, Vamoose, Gloriana, Wasp, Coloma and many other well known and speedy craft.

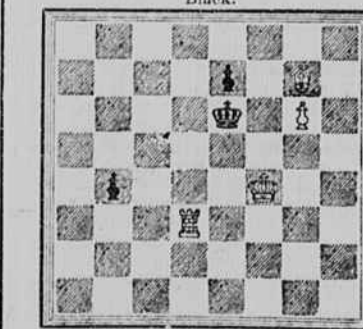
Mr. Pocked is now the chief designer of the Racine Boat Manufacturing company of Racine, Wis. Prior to his nine years of service with the Herreshoffs he graduated at the Royal Danish Naval academy of Copenhagen, and his skill as a naval architect and mechanical engineer is sufficiently attested by the excellence of vessels which have passed through his hands and for which he was at least partly responsible.

## CHECKERS AND CHESS.

Checker Problem No. 354.—By Z. Brogan.  
Black—4, 12, 21, 25 (king), 31 (king).



White—18 (king), 20, 24 (king), 30.  
Black to play and win.  
Chess Problem No. 354.  
Black.



White.  
White to play and mate in three moves.  
SOLUTIONS.

Checker problem No. 353:  
White.  
1. 22 to 17  
2. 18 to 11  
3. 4 to 11  
4. 13 to 9  
5. 17 to 13  
6. 9 to 6  
7. 13 to 15, and wins  
Var. 1.

Black.  
1. 24 to 15  
2. 15 to 8  
3. 6 to 9  
4. 9 to 5  
5. 7 to 16  
6. 2 to 9

Chess problem No. 353:  
White.  
1. Q to K4  
2. B x K  
3. B mates  
Black.  
1. Kt x Q  
Any  
2. Q to Q4 ch  
3. B mates



When two Chinese men meet, their way of saying "How do you do?" is "How are your bowels?" It amounts to the same thing. If the bowels are in good condition the rest of the system is pretty sure to be all right. But when they are constipated, it has a half-paralyzing effect on the rest of the body—and the mind too. Headaches, dyspepsia, biliousness, nervousness, poor sleep, weakness, heart palpitation and gloomy spirits, all come from constipation. And that isn't the worst of it: It lays your system open to all sorts of serious and dangerous illness.

It isn't safe to neglect constipation and it isn't safe to use dangerous wrenching cathartics, to overcome it, either. They leave you worse off than before. What is needed is a mild natural laxative like Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They act surely but without any violence. They regulate and strengthen the intestines to do their own work. When the "Pleasant Pellets" cure you, you are cured. You don't become a slave to their use. Take care the druggist doesn't give you something else he calls "just as good." It may be for him, but how about you?

You might learn a thousand valuable lessons about preserving your health by reading Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. It is a grand book and the present edition is absolutely free to all who send 21 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only. It contains 1000 pages and over 300 engravings. 680,000 cloth-bound copies have been sold at \$1.50 each. This free edition is in strong manila paper covers, otherwise it is just the same. Address: World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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**B.B.B. BOTANIC BLOOD BALM**  
THE GREAT REMEDY FOR ALL BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES  
Has been thoroughly tested by eminent physicians and the people for forty years, and cures quickly and permanently  
SCROFULA, ULCERS, ECZEMA, RHEUMATISM, CATARRH, ERUPTIONS, and all manner of SALTING, SPREADING and STYING BODIES. It is by far the best tonic and blood purifier ever offered to the world. Price 50¢ per bottle. 6 bottles for \$2.50. Send up the health and strength from now on. For sale by druggists.  
**SENT FREE WONDERFUL CURES.**  
BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.

**ASK FOR KABO No. 352**  
EXTRA LONG WAIST  
STYLE N9352

We recommend them, as they fit like a glove.

Price \$1.00  
HEIRONIMUS & BRUGH, Sole Agents.

There is one DRESS STAY that Won't melt apart, Can't cut through the dress, Don't stay bent.

It is BALL'S PEERLESS. All lengths; all colors. Ask your dry goods dealers for them.

Encourage Home Enterprise.

**BLUE RIDGE**  
Household Chemicals.  
WASHING POWDER, LYE, AMMONIA COMPOUND, SEWING MACHINE OIL, CARBONA  
A NEW INVENTION—non-inflammable, non-explosive—removes grease from the most delicate fabric without injury to fabric or color. Grocers or Druggists.  
MARSHALL CHEMICAL CO., MARSHALL, VA. A

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Prompt personal attention to insurance in every department, in any locality and in any company. 363m  
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